

## BASERUNNER HAMPERED BY FOXY PLAYER



Manager Joe Tinker and Al Bridwell.

There are perhaps more tricks worked by and upon baserunners than there are in any other department of baseball. The 360 feet around that diamond are filled with pitfalls and handicaps that make Tipperary appear close at hand by comparison. One would think that it is a simple matter to run around the bases when making a home run. But against a trained and experienced team it is a hard matter.

The batter drives a ball to left center field. If he does not get away from the plate quickly, the catcher will spring in close to him, perhaps drop his mask in front of him, and try to hamper the start.

He swings out on to the edge of the grass so as to make a flying turn at first base without losing much ground. The first baseman remains on the inside corner of the bag, or near it, giving the runner just room enough to pass, and trying to force him to take a wide turn.

The pitcher, if he is speedy enough, will try to cut across in front of the runner to throw him off his stride. Both the second baseman and the shortstop will hamper him at second, one holding the bag to make him turn wide, the other trying to force him to make a still wider turn.

The third baseman holds him and makes him take the outside route and a wide swing, and even then the shortstop will cut across in front of him as he tears for home, pretending to back up the plate, and after all that

journey he finds the catcher squatted in the line two feet from the plate to block him.

Al Bridwell, now with the Reds, pulled a clever one on Joe Tinker when Tinker was with the Cubs and Bridwell with the Giants—and won a game by it.

Bridwell was on first base when someone made a hit. The hit was short and sharp, and there was small chance for him to go to third on it. He turned second at full speed. Tinker was watching him and placed himself exactly on the route Bridwell would have to traverse to reach third, and then turned his back to make himself appear innocent of intent to interfere.

His object was to make Bridwell turn wide to pass around him and lose perhaps three or four steps in distance. Bridwell saw the move. He also saw that it was hopeless to try to reach third. Instead he turned second at top speed, dashed up the line, bumped Tinker, grabbed him and fell.

In an instant he scrambled to his feet and shouted to the umpire, who turned just in time to see the two men struggling to their feet. Naturally he supposed Tinker had interfered. He let Bridwell go to third—and he scored on a fly and won the game.

Not one of the Chicago players kicked. They realized that Bridwell had out-tricked them at their own game, and gave him due credit for it.

## WOULD SHIFT ATTACK

Manager Herzog Favors Switching Tactics in Contests.

First Half of Game Usually Played in Way Differing From Last Period—Interesting Theory of Cincinnati Leader.

Manager Herzog of the Cincinnati Reds believes that the first half of a game of ball is usually to be played differently from the second half, that is, when applied to fairly close games. He has quite an interesting theory on this subject, which is entirely original with him. "The average player," said Herzog, "does not realize the great difference between, say, the first five innings of a game and the last four innings. In the early stages of a game one doesn't know how many runs are going to be needed to win. It is impossible to say how the pitcher is going to go, or what the breaks are going to be. A team may need only one run to win or it may require a dozen.

"The odds are that it will need more than one. Therefore my policy early in the game is not to play for a single run, but to force the issue and try to score as many as possible. That is why I don't believe in the sacrifice game around in the first or second round, only to find that that lone run is worth nothing to us.

"The early half of a game should be an effort to score just as many runs as possible, for you never can be sure how many you are going to



Manager Herzog.

## GOOD YEAR FOR DAN GRINER

Jinx Has Been Following Big St. Louis Twirler—Better Things Predicted for This Season.

Big Dan Griner, Cardinal pitcher, has been camping at the outer door of the Hall of Fame ever since he joined the St. Louis team, but always something has seemed to bar this entry. Two years ago it was an illness that overtook him in midseason. Last year



Dan Griner.

he engaged in a feud with Wingo and Magee that is said to have so worked upon his health that it was impossible for him to do his best. This year he is reported to be in excellent condition and as Wingo and Magee have gone from the team St. Louis dope experts are predicting that the big fellow will prove himself to be one of the best pitchers in the National league.

Brenahan to Lead Toledo.

The story is going the rounds again that Roger Brenahan is to lead the Toledo team in the American association next year. He will be part owner in the club, according to the story.

need. Pile up as big a lead as you can in the first few innings and so be prepared for emergencies. But suppose both pitchers are going strongly and we come up to the sixth or seventh inning tied, or one run behind or ahead.

"Then the whole situation changes. It is evident by that time what your pitcher is capable of and a single run becomes much more important than it was in the first or second inning. You will often see our men playing a sacrifice game from the sixth inning on, because by that time we may have found out that one run will win for us in the game for an inning or two longer. This is a very important principle of the game and one that is often overlooked by both players and managers.

"Whenever I see a club fighting to get one run around in the first or second inning and neglecting possible chances to score three or four runs, I have it figured out that we have a good chance to beat that club. You will often see a change in our style of play as the game grows older, and I think the system will win many close games for us."

## BATTERS "PULL AWAY"

"The biggest trouble with present-day batters is they pull away from the plate instead of wading into the ball," says Jawn McGraw, Giant foreman. "For a long time I refused to pay attention to folk who said ball players don't hit as well as the old-timers, but now I'm convinced. The youngsters coming up just naturally don't hit; that's all. You can't get them to step into the ball. I haven't played for a long time, but I can get in there any day and hit better than some of the chaps I see around the circuit."

## Baltimore Likes Johnson.

Rankin Johnson's work with the Terrapins is causing Baltimore fans to laugh at Manager Joe Tinker for turning the former Red Sox player over. It wasn't Joe's fault, as he gave the twirler every chance possible to show something. Johnson had merely reached that stage where a change of scenery was needed.

## Alexander Is Released.

Grover Alexander's brother, who was a member of the Omaha team in the Western league, has been handed his unconditional release.

## WOE FILLS DUXBURY

Town Mourns Passing of Bivalve Musicians.

Visitors to Famous Massachusetts Watering Place Dug Them to Eat, All Unmoved by Their Plaintive Murmurs.

From Duxbury, Mass., comes the news that the singing clams, for which that resort has long been famous, are now facing extermination, and soon will be relegated to the past along with the dodo, side hill gouger and plesiosaurus.

Phineas Ralnettor, choirmaster of the little church on the hill in Duxbury, who has lived in that village for many years, was in New York the other day buying dance records for the phonograph used for the Saturday night parish dances.

"The singing clams have been one of Duxbury's greatest attractions since the landing of the Pilgrims," he said, "and the rapacity and inordinate appetites of the newcomers of the summer colony are responsible for the fact that they are rapidly being wiped out.

"By 'newcomers' I mean those of the summer colony who have been coming to Duxbury for only the last 50 years. The others, the genealogical aristocrats of the colony, have been coming to Duxbury since before the discovery of the sacred cod—and that, of course, was long before the Revolution.

"I had heard of the singing clams long before I went to Duxbury, about forty years ago, and when I became domiciled there, one of the first things I did was to investigate them.

"I found that their singing, instead of being a myth grown from the folklore of the fishermen, was an absolute fact.

"The clams are different from any of their kind in the world and that is one reason why the government ought to preserve them, even if the residents of Duxbury have so little pride in the greatest attraction of their town.

Unlike all other shellfish, these clams have an aversion to water. This, combined with their singing, seems to me to prove conclusively that they are descended from birds.

"They live along the shores of the bay, where there are long stretches of mud and sand flats. My investigations proved to me that when the tide was in and water covered these flats, the clams, disliking the water, burrowed down into the soft bottom for a few inches and waited there until the water receded.

"Their keen sense of sound told them when it was gone, and they then came to the surface, zigzagging their way through the soft ooze.

"Then they lie outside their holes, and after a few moments open their shells. Immediately the singing commences.

"In weird, minor key, like the notes of an aeolian harp far off in the forests, their plaintive voices arise. Forty years ago there were almost millions of them, and the great chorus, half an hour after the tide went out, was most amazing.

"As the tide came in, each succeeding wave covering more clams, this chorus died out, until by the time the waves were lapping the marsh-grass, it was absolutely stilled. This proved to me that just as soon as a clam felt the waves he again sank into his shell to sleep until the next low tide.

"The natives and fishermen of Duxbury never ate the clams. In fact, they were known to feed them the cranberries for which Duxbury is famous. They were proud of their singing clams and their little voices led the children of the village calling them the 'Little Angels of the Bay.'

"It used to be the custom, when the tide was low at night, for the lads and lassies to stroll or sit along the beach listening to the clams. Their faint, sweet voices heard in the moonlight have prompted many a good man to pop the fatal question.

"Now all this is changed. A crude business person discovered that each voice came from a clam that was perfectly good to eat. He started out to catch them, and before long their fame as 'steamed clams' became known among the colonists, and the end was in sight.

"The colonists now bring 'clam forks' as part of their baggage when they move to Duxbury each summer, and with one of these any man or woman who does not mind a little mud, can pick up enough clams for a family meal in a very short time.

"Yes, the women also catch the clams. One would think that they would have too much heart to still these small voices in a frying pan, but they haven't.

"Various reasons have been advanced for the singing of the clams, but I have never heard one that seemed satisfactory. It has occasioned many peculiar incidents.

"When the French cable from Brest, which arrives at Duxbury, was first connected up, the operators used to complain of the singing noises they heard each day when the tide was low. After finding that it was the voice of the clams, they fixed the cable and had no more trouble.

"I expect that this is the last summer that it will be possible to listen to the clams, and I intend spending a part of every fine day enjoying their voices.

"At the rate that the colonists are eating them they will be all gone in a year or two, and, if possible, I intend to be the last citizen of Duxbury to hear the 'swan song' of the last of the famous singing clams."—New York Times.

## Another Hunger Strike.

Patience—I understand Mr. Styles has refused to give his wife money for new clothes.

Patrice—What's she going to do?

"She's going on a hunger strike."

## His Stunt.

Flatbush—I see in the Indian army all orders are given in English.

Bensonhurst—Well, if the colonel wants some pate de foie gras for luncheon, how does he order it?

The consequences are seldom pleasant when you sit on either fresh paint or fresh children.

Some people seem to have an idea it's a poor rule that won't work both ways at once.

The mermaid is perhaps the only female creature in the world that has no kick coming.

It's all right to save time, but some people lose a lot figuring how they can save a little.

After a man is married perhaps it is only right that he shouldn't have a single idea.

Have a little patience. Even a corkscrew doesn't go straight to the point, but it gets there.

## DID WITHOUT FRILLS

Marriage a Simple Affair in the Early Days.

Little Chance for Courtship and Absolutely No Need for the Formality Customary in the Countries of Europe.

On the frontier, courtship and marriage are not the matters of convention or even of sentiment that they are in long-established communities. For example:

My grandfather came to this country in 1831, writes a subscriber, by sailing vessel to New Orleans. Thence he went up the Mississippi river to St. Louis, and there he bought a horse, saddle and other fixin's.

He settled on the north bank of the Missouri river about sixty miles from St. Louis. He and a cousin of his built a log cabin and began to clear the land. They took turns doing the outside work and the cooking.

One day, during the cousin's turn at cooking, he upset the pot into the fire, and when my grandfather came in the discouraged cook said to him: "See here, Julius, this sort of thing won't do any more; we must have a housekeeper. One of us must get married."

"Well, why don't you marry, then?" said grandfather.

"No, you are the older; you must marry first."

"That's easy said. You know that the only family where there are girls old enough to marry lives 40 miles from here, and I don't know whether any of them will have me. We are strangers and from a foreign country, you know."

"Well, you can try, can't you?"

So the following Sunday grandfather rode 40 miles over to Squire McCleeny's. The squire greeted him cordially, for callers were always welcome in those days.

After talking about the weather, the crops, the hunting, and so forth, grandfather, with some embarrassment, introduced the subject of a housekeeper and asked the squire if he had any objection to his marrying one of his daughters.

"None at all," said the squire. "Have you asked the gal yet?"

"Oh, no, I only wanted your permission to court her. That is what we have to do in the old country. And, besides, I can't wait two or three years before I marry, as they do over there."

"Oh," said the squire, "if the gal's willin' I'll marry you right now." And calling to his wife, he said: "Marry, tell Elinor to come in!"

Elinor was the oldest of his twelve children and, although not yet sixteen, was tall, well grown and fully developed.

When she entered he said: "Elinor, here's a man who wants to marry you. Are you willin'?"

"Oh, pa, that's rather sudden."

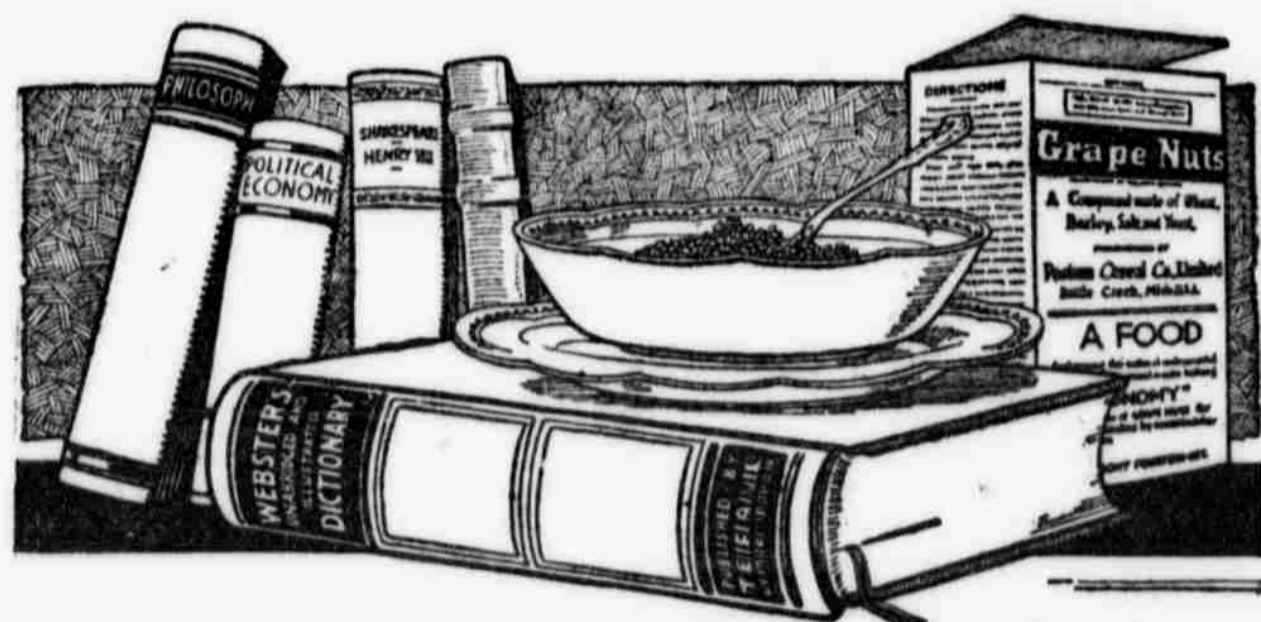
"Well, well, you can talk to ma about it, and sleep over it. Let me know in the mornin'."

The next mornin' she said "Yes," and the wedding was set for two weeks later.

Everyone within a radius of forty miles and more was there.

The day after the wedding grandfather rode up to the horse block, his young wife got up behind him, and thus they went home.—Youth's Companion.

Virtue is the only nobility.



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